

When she finished, we did every part of the service just as if it were the real thing. The music sounded great that day. After the praise set, Rod (our executive Pastor) brought focus to the theme of the morning and set up the drama. The volunteer actors and actresses played their parts perfectly, and the folks setting up the chairs in the auditorium stopped for a moment to laugh at the antics of those in the sketch. They laughed because they saw themselves in the people on stage.

As I watched, I gained a fresh sense of excitement for what would take place in the services that morning. The drama nailed the questions that I would address in the message that followed. Once the drama rehearsal was complete, I reviewed the computer graphics that had the quotes and passages I would be using in the message. All was perfect. I gave the last line of the message, and the band returned for a final song. The soloist's words and voice were strong. When she finished, I was wiping away tears. I couldn't imagine anyone leaving that day unchanged.

We met in a small room before the service for prayer, one of the background singers had a special request for a friend who was coming to church for the first time in five years. She admonished me not to mess up. We laughed and then prayed. I knew it was going to be a good day. Five hours later, several of us were sitting on the front of the platform. Most of the people had left. It was a good morning. The church had been full for three services, but more importantly, there was an obvious sense that God had graced us again with a work of His Spirit. People had been touched, the friend of the singer had come, and was quite impressed—she said we'd given her a lot to think about and that she would be back. That morning over 125 volunteers had served and given selflessly to pull off the services.

Later, we spent time reflecting on how good it was to be doing it together—each of us doing our part. There was nothing quite...

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